

BEETLE AS A SCENT SACHET.

Insect of Borneo That Exhales Most Powerful Perfume.

The beaux and belles of Borneo do not have to distill perfume for their hair or handkerchiefs. They have only to take a beetle until they find a flower-bell in bloom. Clinging to the flower-bell is found a magnificent beetle of brilliant emerald green shading to a bright bronze on the wing-cases, and touched with gold on the head. This living jewel emits a powerful scent of attar of roses, perfuming the air for many yards around it. A number of them placed in a house will fill it from top to bottom with delightful fragrance. Young girls roll the insect in a bit of cotton cloth and braid it in their black locks, and young men suspend it around their necks like an amulet or an Egyptian scarab. The fragrance gradually grows fainter as the beetle loses its vitality, and dies with it.

The beetle lives in captivity only a few hours and as the scent expires with it, no way has so far been found to extract or preserve the exquisite odor. The scented beetle appears only when the flowers are in flower. Neither birds nor insects will destroy it, and it is protected even from the voracious woodpecker by its powerful perfume.

CHARITY OF LITTLE SERVICE.

New York Health Commissioner Makes Moral of Incident.

"If charity," said Health Commissioner Darlington of New York, "were really as fine and serviceable as we incline to think it is, disease would almost disappear."

He shook his head and smiled. "Too much of our charity," he said, "reminds me of the Norwegian woman. A tramp on a rainy and freezing day, presented himself at her back door.

"Madam," he said, "my feet are nearly frozen." He pointed to his shoes, a tangle of string and strips of leather and holes through which his bare feet showed. "Have you got an old pair of boots you could give me, madam?"

"The woman, after rummaging in her closet, returned to the tramp and said cheerily:

"Poor fellow, I know you must suffer terribly without shoes this bitter weather. I have time to fit you, but here is a pair of my late husband's skates you can have."

Big Wages Must Be Earned.

A group of feminine wage earners was discussing a news item the other day, one which told the public that the private secretary of the greatest financier of his time is a woman who receives \$20,000 a year. There was envy in their voices and bitterness in their words, and nobody seemed to grasp the pith of the story, which was a recital of the secretary's duties. There was a woman who had to be on duty many hours, and possess not only a marvelous memory, but infinite tact and patience. More than that she had to possess marked executive ability.

She has probably been in training for years, and undoubtedly earns every penny of her salary. The girls who envied her could not do the work, because they were not fitted for it—probably they would not under any circumstances, because they were not the hard-working kind. All they could see in the story was the salary, and that made them envious.

A Gladstone Bull.

Mr. Gladstone was once guilty of an amusing bull in a debate on the question of disestablishment. Dilating on the hold held on the affection of the people by the Church of England, he said: "When an Englishman wants to get married, to whom does he go? To the parish priest. When he wants his child baptized, to whom does he go? To the parish priest. When he wants to get buried, to whom does he go?" The house answered with a roar of laughter, in which Mr. Gladstone himself joined, adding: "As I was contrasting the English church with the Irish, a bull is perhaps excusable."

Bruin Too Fond of Crow.

A new version of "eating crow" has been furnished in Center county, Pennsylvania. One evening recently a farmer of Curtin township set a bear trap near his home, baiting it with a piece of meat, as is customary. After the trap had been set a crow, tempted by the meat, was caught, and that night a bear happened that way and ate both the crow and the bait. The farmer set the trap again next evening, and on the following morning the bear was in the trap, having come back during the night for another meal of crow.

A Monster Loaf.

Bakers in Germany are fond of making odd experiments, the following being reported from Duisburg in Westphalia. At a children's party recently held in that town there was exhibited and afterward cut up and distributed among the youngsters present, a twist which for size at least has surely rarely been equaled. Weighing no less than 180 pounds, it had a breadth of 1.70 meters and a length of 3.20 meters, and was thus found sufficient to supply a satisfactory afternoon collation to as many as 500 boys and girls.—Bakers Weekly.

A Perfect Climb.

"My suit case is still intact, but badly scratched."

"That's the most easily remedied thing I know. Paste a lot of labels over the scratches."

LIKE UNTO OTHER CAUCUSES.

Fashion Set by Hannibal Hamlin Not Infrequently Followed.

The old saw says that "politics makes strange bedfellows," and it is likewise a fact that the professional politician is frequently moved by the "caucus of the case," to acts that will not stand close scrutiny. Not alone is this so in the present day, but it was so in the days of the fathers. When Hannibal Hamlin first began his political career he was once at a caucus in Hampden, the only attendant besides himself being a citizen of very tall stature and ponderous build. Mr. Hamlin had some resolutions to pass which began by representing that they were presented to a "large and respectable" gathering of voters, and he proceeded to read and vote them onto the records of the caucus.

"Hold on!" cried the other man. "We can't pass that, for it ain't true."

"What isn't true?" demanded the wily Hamlin.

"It ain't a large and respectable caucus," objected the other member of the assembly. "There's only two of us."

That's all right, brother, that's all right," assured Hamlin. "It goes as read. Just you keep still. This is a large and respectable caucus, all right. You're large and I am respectable."

And the resolution "passed" without further demur.

PECULIAR STATUES OF KINGS.

Rulers of Dahome Represented in Guise of Beasts.

In Man Prof. J. G. Frazer discusses three remarkable statues of kings of Dahome now deposited in the Trocadero museum. The figures are symbolical, each king being represented in the guise of an animal. Thus, Guezo, who reigned from 1818 to 1858, and was known as "the cock," is represented by a man covered with feathers. Guelele (1858-89), "the lion," as a lion rampant. Behanzin, his successor, who was finally deposed by the French, known as "the shark," appears as a dogfish graced with the arms and supported by human legs. The "feathers," which once covered the statue of Guezo are nothing but metal plates, nails, gimlets and scraps of old iron. Prof. Frazer observes that the existence of these statues seems to prove that certain kings of Dahome habitually posed as certain fierce animals or as birds. They possibly intended by this means to serve some magical purpose. At any rate, they cannot be taken hereditary in the male line, since they differed in three successive generations traced from father to son.

Superiority to All Law.

There is something servile in the habit of seeking after a law which we may obey. We may study laws of matter and for our convenience, but a successful life knows no law. It is an unfortunate discovery certainly, that of a law which binds us where we did not know before we were bound. Live free, child of the mist—and with respect to knowledge we are all children of the mist. The man who takes the liberty to live is superior to all the laws, by virtue of his relation to the lawmaker. "That is active duty," says the Vishnu Purana, "which is not for our bondage; that is knowledge which is for our liberation; all other duty is good only unto weariness; all other knowledge is only the cleverness of an artist."—Henry D. Thoreau.

Attitude in Face of Death.

A British medical man thus tells his experience of how men and women face death: Tell the man of higher type and greater intelligence, he says, that he is facing death, and he begins to fight, demands a consultation, talks about going to specialists and fights grimly to the finish. Tell a woman the same facts, and she lies back to await her fate. All women are fatalists. On the other hand tell a man that he has one chance in a thousand to recover if he will undergo an operation, and he will trust to his own strength and endurance rather than undergo the knife. The woman will choose the thousandth chance, and submit to the operation with astounding calmness.

Feeding People.

When a woman wishes to entertain guests at dinner she sets everything movable in the house out on the front porch. She drags out the rugs and hires a boy to beat them. She has the woodwork painted and the walls papered, she sweeps, scrubs, washes the windows, dusts, does up the lace curtains, changes the beds, oils the floors and the furniture, bakes, boils, roasts and stews for three days. When the dinner comes off her head aches so hard that she can't see across the table.

When a man wants to feed people he takes them to a restaurant.—Newark (N. J.) News.

Good Boy, Naughty Servant.

She had become engaged for the first time on the previous evening, and love's young dream wrapped itself around her soul with the thickness of an eiderdown quilt. But she was bashful, and blushed and started like a trembling fawn whenever the name of her lover was mentioned.

At last her little bother spoke.

"I wanted so much to peep through the keyhole last night while you were in the parlor with Mr. Flipflop."

"But like a good little boy you didn't, did you?"

"No; the servant got there first!"—Home Chat.

ENGLAND'S MANY DEER PARKS.

Four Hundred of Them Are Said to Dot the Little Island.

"A park without a deer," wrote Richard Jeffries, "is like a wall without a picture," and it is something to know that in England there are 400 parks containing deer; that they average hundreds and some of them thousands of acres, and that Yorkshire, Gloucestershire, Staffordshire, Northants and Sussex have more enclosed land given up to deer than any other counties.

There is something peculiarly national about our deer parks, for since after the Conquest the barons began to enclose parks within the forests and to include within them all the wild animals that could then be secured. Of these the 2,500 acres of park at Eridge is the only one mentioned in Domesday book as containing deer then as it does now.

In that now scarce book, Shirley's "English Deer Parks," 48 parks are mentioned which no longer contain deer, but since that book was published in 1867 several parks have been stocked which did not then contain deer, and there are others in which the deer have been given up.—London Daily Graphic.

WOMAN PULLS HEAVIEST LOAD.

Point of View Which Is Seldom Given Adequate Consideration.

For centuries woman has been, with comparatively few exceptions, a plaything or drudge; overindulged in pleasure and idleness, or cursed with a burden whose weight few men can conceive. A system that places upon woman's shoulders three-quarters of the burden is inevitably degrading. A man receives credit for supporting his family even when the wife, by working early and late, contrives to turn his earnings into a value treble that of the original amount. The difference in the value of a barrel of flour as it is purchased and after it has been made into bread has been reckoned many times—but "the man," and not the woman, "supports the family." Nor is a woman's work done when an income has been stretched to its limit. If a money value could be placed upon her work as mother and wife—not that any one wishes to do such a thing—it would indeed be clear that the woman pulls the heaviest part of the load. That such a condition should carry with it its antithesis in the woman who is a drone and a rattle brain is but natural.—Collier's Weekly.

Wherein Girls Are Superior to Boys.

At an early age the boy begins to practice on the outside world with his hand and eye, and while he is throwing, cutting, hammering, calculating distance and playing competitive games the girl is sitting at home in a pretty frock. But in activities not requiring great strength and speed the boy is not superior. The fastest typist in the world is to-day a woman; the record for roping steers (a feat where the horse does the heavy work), is held by a woman; and any one who will watch girls making change before the pneumatic tubes in the great department stores about Christmas time will experience the same wonder one feels on first seeing a professional gambler shuffling cards.—American Magazine.

Scotland's Patron Saint.

Why was St. Andrew chosen as the patron saint of Scotland? This question has been asked many times, but the archdeacon of whom Dean Hole tells may be considered to have discovered the most satisfactory solution of the problem. "Gentlemen," said he (he was speaking at a St. Andrew's day banquet at the time), "I have given this difficult subject my thoughtful consideration, and I have come to the conclusion that St. Andrew was chosen to be the patron saint of Scotland because he discovered the lad who had the loaves and fishes."

Asap Up to Date.

Thinking it was a cinch, the jungle sports decided to repeat the rabbit-hunt where they could get a good audience.

So they re-marshoned it, giving a large purse to the winner and a slightly smaller one to the loser. The hare did better this time and the result was reversed.

And so both got vaudeville engagements, for both were champions. And nobody took much interest in either of them after that.

Moral—The race is not always to the swift, but the boodie goes to the professional.

An Old-World Clock.

One of the most remarkable survivals of primitive time-measuring appliances in England may be found today among the flint knappers of Brandon. It consists of a candle stuck into a candle stick, often made of a lump of chalk, or of a piece of perforated draught brick. Into the candle are fixed tiny splinters of flint at intervals, ascertained by experience, of one hour's burning duration, so that when a splinter drops the knapper knows he has worked one hour, and so on, and is thus able to ascertain how many gun flints he turns out in a given time.

Won't Catch Anything.

"You have the alarm clock I gave you?"

"Yes, suh," answered Mr. Erasmus Finkley.

"And you set it every night?"

"Yes, suh. But tain't no use. I been settin' it for two weeks an' I ain't caught nuffin' yet!"

MERE MATTER OF INFORMATION.

Irishman Seemed to Have Good Reason for His Inquiry.

Officers have a right to ask questions in the performance of their duty, but there are occasions when it seems as if they might curtail or forego the privilege, suggests Youth's Companion. Not long ago an Irishman whose hand had been badly mangled in an accident entered the Boston city hospital relief station in a great hurry. He stepped up to a man in charge and inquired:

"Is this the relief station, sor?"

"Yes. What is your name?"

"Patrick O'Connor, sor."

"Are you married?" questioned the officer.

"Yis, sor, but is this the relief station?" He was nursing his hand in agony.

"Of course it is. How many children have you?"

"Eight, sor. But, sure, this is the relief station?"

"Yes, it is," replied the officer, a little angry at the man's persistence.

"Well," said Patrick, "sure an' I was beginning to think that it might be the pumping station!"

LONDON'S WEALTH AND POVERTY.

Sad Extremes That Prevail in the World's Richest City.

The London county council, according to yearly custom, has just published some suggestive statistics. In them the British capital is put down as probably the wealthiest city in the world. Its property is insured against fire for about six billions of dollars.

It takes about 419,937 tons of killed meat and 58,735 live cattle, 375,950 sheep, 174,332 tons of fish and 80,826,330 gallons of milk to feed the population, which uses 82,152,249,000 gallons of water for drinking and other purposes.

But besides being the "wealthiest," London is also, to use a word made famous by Bernard Shaw, the "filthiest." Of the 4,795,789 human beings that live on its 74,816 acres of land and water, 1,453,266, or one in every 33, are paupers. But more appalling still is the fact that 20 persons in every 100 die in an almshouse or almshouse infirmary. No wonder the city is obliged to distribute through its charities more than \$50,000,000 annually.

Year Without a Summer.

The year 1816 has a remarkable cold weather record and is known as "the year without a summer." In that year there was a sharp frost in every month, and the people all over the world began to believe that some great and definite change in the earth was taking place. The farmers used to refer to it as "eighteen-hundred-and-starve-to-death." Frost, ice and snow were common in June. Almost every green thing was killed and the fruit was nearly all destroyed. During the month snow fell to the depth of three inches in New York and Massachusetts and ten inches in Maine. There were frost and ice in July in New York, New England and Pennsylvania and corn was nearly all destroyed in certain sections. Ice half an inch thick formed in August. A cold north wind prevailed all summer.

Men the Umbrella Losers.

"If the umbrella is for a gentleman I suggest that it be cheap," the clerk said. "For a lady, the costlier the umbrella the better."

"Ladies, you know, never lose umbrellas, never leave them in cars or shops, never carelessly allow them to be swiped. Why, there are gold and silver handled umbrellas, the property of ladies, that have been coming back to us for repairs for 40 years."

"But men—dear me! Men are liable to lose an umbrella the first day they take it out."

"For a man, you say, sir? Then I recommend this strong and serviceable article at 74 cents, reduced from 98."

Tall Lifting.

Many remarkable but yet properly vouched for feats of skill are recorded of professional golfers. Thus on one occasion when in his prime the late Tom Morris, Sr., undertook to demonstrate his ability in lifting a ball. For this purpose he stood in a quarry underneath the familiar Ballochmole bridge and sent a number of "gutties" in succession up to the footpath at the top, a height of nearly 150 yards. Probably without knowing it in doing so he was emulating an earlier performance of an Edinburgh player who once drove half a dozen balls over the spire of St. Giles' cathedral from the level of the street.

Given the Mitten.

One cold day a lovesick young man, who had for some time harassed a young lady with his attentions, was hurrying along the street behind this very young lady when he perceived, with delight, something drop from her muff to the sidewalk.

Picking it up, the gallant young man rushed ahead and, accosting her, smilingly held out her recovered property.

Without deigning to accept it, she eyed him coldly a moment, then said: "You may keep it; it's my mitten."

Bad Scoring.

"Yes, he's one of the worst marksmen I ever met."

"Never misses up the target, eh?"

"I should say not. Why, when he goes to vote he can't even get the cross in the circle."

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